

Wrapped Into Information

by EmeraldHeart1203

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Summary: 16 year old Emma Smith from Erudite is faced with strange information on the day of her aptitude test. What will she do to try help everyone she cares about? Can she make it through initiation without revealing her secrets? This is 99% compatible with the whole trilogy. This is also a co-op with LizzieWillow, and I will add the links to her chapters here too. Rated T to be safe.

1. Chapter One

****This is an OC's point of view for Divergent. It ****_is _****only my second FanFiction. My first was Assurgent, which is still in progress. I hope you like it!****

* * *

><p>Chapter One<p>

I wake to an itch in my neck. "Can't you wake me up _without_ tickling me, Dad?" I groan.

"Aptitude tests today." Dad grins, and starts tickling me again. I playfully punch him in the arm in response. He leaves the room, so I can pack my school bag. I catch a glimpse of my book on the side and debate taking it to school. If I do, would I get the time to read it? If I don't, won't I get bored? I put the book in my bag, There's always time to read. I go for a shower and get dressed in the blue track pants and top I had taken out the night before. I tie my hair in a quick, no-nonsense ponytail, and eat a bowl of cereal. I haul my backpack on and say bye to my parents and my brother. He is in the Lower Levels, so his classes start half an hour after mine. It is a five minute walk to the nearest bus stop, and the bus is waiting for me already.

On the bus, a woman with a little kid get on, and I give them my seat. _Isn't that an Abnegation trait?_ I wonder to myself. I shrug

it off and put my book away as it is my stop next anyways. I get off and sling my backpack over my back. The factionless woman that stands outside my school hands me a newspaper, which I tuck under my arm. When I sit down on a bench in the playground, I open the newspaper. The headline in the front is about the Abnegation, like all of them this month have been. This time, it accuses Marcus Eaton, an influential Abnegation leader, of abusing his son, Tobias, who transferred to Dauntless two years ago. It's hard to believe all these reports about the Abnegation that Jeanine has released. In fact, they have been so severe that I'm not sure I believe them. I check my watch, which is a digital watch with a blue strap, and see that class will start in ten minutes. I get up, but my pant leg is caught under the bench. _Now how did that happen?_ I lift up the leg of the bench, and the blue fabric comes loose, with a patch of dirt on it. When I enter the main room, all I see is chaos.

"Out of my way, Stiff." A boy in my History class, Jeffrey, pushes an Abnegation girl to the floor. This is what Jeanine's reports have started. My faction, Erudite, have been treating the Abnegation hurtfully, and that has affected our behaviour at school. "Jeffrey!" I yell after him.

"What?"

"There was no need to push her!"

"Yeah, _there was no need to push her!_" He mimics. "Do you even _know_ what those Stiffs are trying to do? Haven't you _seen_ those reports on them?"

"Those _reports_ _are_ nothing more than a bunch of lies. They weren't released by the Candor, were they?" I snap at him.

His nose scrunches up. "If you think they're so innocent, why don't you go join them?"

Just then, the speaker announces, "From Dauntless: Uriah Pedrad and James Tucker. From Erudite: Jennifer Amilee and Emma Smith. From Amity: Jill Lerner and Gerald Davison. From Candor: Peter Hayes and Molly Atwood. From Abnegation: Susan Black and Beatrice Prior."

I didn't have much time to worry about the test, what with all my studying and reading, but now, I'm on the verge of panicking. _Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale._ I repeatedly take deep breaths and calm myself down. As I enter the room, I see a reclining chair, like the one in the dentist's office that I go to twice a year.

"Hello. My name is Natalie, and I will be administering your aptitude test." The woman inside the room greets me. She has blond hair and green eyes. I manage a weak nod. "Don't worry," she continues, "It's perfectly safe." I nod again and get into the chair. "This is the serum that will begin the test." She says and passes me a small vial of liquid. She then presses an electrode lightly to my head, and one to hers. "These will allow me to see what's going on." She explains. I hesitantly swallow the serum, which tastes like apple juice. I blink, and when I open my eyes the room is empty. Except for a knife and a hunk of cheese.

"Choose." The voice seems to come from nowhere.

"Why? What for?" I ask cautiously.

"CHOOSE!" Then I realise whose voice it is. Jeanine Matthews'.

"How can you expect me to choose if I don't know what I'm choosing for?" I retort.

"Have it your way." The cheese and knife both vanish. I hear a growling noise coming from one of the corners of the room. A dog walks into the room, snarling and snapping. I should have taken the cheese. Or the knife. I keep my breaths even. I look away from the dog, not wanting to trigger any harsh responses. Then I remember something I read during biology: The chemical a human secretes in a state of fear is the same one a dog's prey secretes. I pretend I am not afraid of the attacking dog while slowly backing away. _Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale. It's not real, it's not real._ I lay down on my stomach and look up at the dog. It then whimpers and nuzzles my hand. "You're not a mean dog, are you?"

"Puppy!" A little girl in a white dress appears from nowhere, arms outstretched to the dog.

"Wait-" I try to warn her, but the dog cuts me off, lunging at the girl. She screams, and I jump in front of her, and just as the dog is about to sink its canines ****(No pun intended)**** into my arm, I am on a bus. A man with a newspaper and scarred hands is in front of me. The newspaper reads, "Brutal Murderer Finally Apprehended!" Murder? There hasn't been a murder in the city as far as I know, and I've read pretty much all of the history books in the library. Strange. "Do you know this guy?" I have a strange feeling that I do know him, but I have a nagging feeling that it wouldn't be smart to say so.

"No." It comes out as a whisper, so I clear my throat and say it again. "No, I don't."

"If you knew him, you could save me! You could save me!" His breath is like cigarettes. I almost cringe at the odour.

I fold my arms and say stubbornly, "Sorry, but I don't."

* * *

><p>I will try to make these chapters longer than the ones in Assurgent. Anyways, please review! It gives me the encouragement to keep going! Thank you!

****Here's the link to Lizzie's POV:****

**** [s/11900784/1/Phenomenon](#)****

****~EmeraldHeart12****

2. Chapter Two

****Thanks for staying! If you haven't already, please read LizzieWillow's side of the story! That said, here's chapter two.****

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><p>Chapter Two<p>

Natalie, my aptitude test administerer, looks worried as she detaches the electrodes on my head.

"What was my result?" I ask.

"Listen carefully. Your results were inconclusive. You had an equal aptitude for Erudite, Abnegation, and Dauntless. You were curious as to what you were choosing for, and your smart actions toward the dog are Erudite traits, but not running from the dog suggests Dauntless, but so does taking the knife, but you didn't do that. You sacrificed yourself for the little girl, but you didn't tell the man who the murderer was, conflicting Abnegation results. It's called Divergent. Divergence is extremely dangerous. Being Divergent means you can't be controlled. I overwrote the data from the simulation onto the records. You cannot tell anyone, not even your parents, about this. This is serious. Your life depends on it." She glances around as if someone is watching us, and continues, "I'll send you home early. Tell your parents that the serum made you slightly feverish."

I nod again and walk off. I've never got less than 100% on any of my tests, but I'm still terrified of failure. But this isn't my failure. It's the test's. How can inconclusive test results be dangerous? Could this be some kind of joke? I shake my head. The Abnegation aren't known for pranks and Natalie seemed like she wasn't kidding around. When I walk past the factionless sector, I see the girl from Abnegation that Jeffrey pushed to the floor giving a bag of apple slices to a factionless man. I think her name is Beatrice of something. She was sent home early as well. Strange. Maybe the same thing happened to her as to me. I consider talking to her, but decide against it, thinking that if someone from my faction saw me talking to an Abnegation, I would be called a faction traitor. Why does life have to be so hard? Why can't regular friendships exist through the faction barriers? What was it like before factions? I guess I will never know, because none of our history texts contain anything about civilisations without factions, and the factions have been around for seven generations. I try thinking about something else to distract me from my strange test results. Not the smartest idea. Before today, I was 100% sure I would choose Erudite, because I have to admit, I don't think I could take "Faction before blood" seriously enough. I thought about something no Erudite would even want to think of: What happens after death? Is there some sort of afterlife? Is it absolutely nothing? I can't even fathom nothing. Is nothing just like a black hole? I trip over a crack in the pavement, which brings me back to reality. I need to focus on getting through initiation for whatever faction I choose. Erudite. Dauntless. Abnegation. I don't think I have what it takes to go with Dauntless initiation. I'm not sure I should choose Abnegation either, because for some reason, I feel like it may be a bad idea. I'm going to stay in Erudite. Now, I know a lot about each faction's initiation. Abnegation's is simply a month of service and selflessness, Amity's is farming, Candor's is lie detector tests and truth serum, and they get you to spill your deepest secrets. There is no way I would spill my secrets. Dauntless's is a lot of fighting and weapon training and a fear simulation, which really confuses me. Erudite's is IQ tests, practical experimentation, and a lot of technical stuff. I go through a list of jobs I could choose from

Erudite:

Teacher

Researcher

Inventor

Serum developer

Architect

Reporter

Journalist

Erudite leader

Faction Ambassador

My mother is a teacher, but I'm not sure I want to be one. I find it hard to focus on just doing one thing, and it bores me. I'm not that thrilled about inventing either. Serum developing and architecture are the two most interesting of the two. I can do both as a part time for each.

Dauntless jobs consist of:

Guarding the fence

Patrolling the city

Working in the control room

Dauntless leader

Faction Ambassador

Dauntless jobs aren't all that great, in my opinion. Abnegation jobs are:

City leader

Factionless Help Volunteer

Faction Ambassador

Not too many things to look forward to. Now I'm sure I'll choose Erudite. Our city's motto is Faction before blood. I, for one person, could never be able to follow it. My family always comes before anything. When I finally get home, neither my parents nor my brother are home. I flop onto the bed and get my book out. It mentions something about data stored from before the factions. That's extraordinary. I whip out my laptop and start it up. I immediately start up the data network. When I see a folder named Plans (Initiation), I frown. What's so special about initiation this year? Unable to control my curiosity, I open it. It contains a few notes in bullet points:

Attack simulation - Serum D2

Divergent

Abnegation

Information reveal

Dauntless army

Jeanine Matthews

I click on Jeanine's folder, but it's locked with a password. Of course it is. Who would be dumb enough to leave an important file without a passcode? I shut my laptop down and ponder this over. _Attack simulation? Information reveal? Dauntless army? And what _is _Divergence? What would it have to do with Jeanine?_ I search up "Divergent" and I get:

****Divergent****

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Adjective

Tending to be different or develop in different directions.

I don't bother looking at the second definition, as the first one matches what Natalie told me. Three different factions. Three different directions. Not Erudite. Not Abnegation. Not Dauntless. Divergent.

By the time I check my watch, it is already 4:30, and my mom and brother should both be home any minute now. I lost track of time again. I hear a key being inserted into the door and sit down on my bed. I should be thinking over my results from the aptitude test, not looking into Jeanine's secure files. But _attack simulation? Dauntless army?_ It can only mean one thing: war. But on whom? It has one faction listed by itself: Abnegation. War on Abnegation. The Dauntless will mow them down in minutes, and the attack simulationâ€¦ would control the Dauntless soldiers to do so. But why? Here's where the next clue comes into play: information reveal. But what information? Is Jeanine trying to reveal it but the Abnegation refuse to do so? Or is it the other way round? What _is _going on in our city? Is Jeanine looking for power? Or what? I make a mental note to look this up after initiation. Or during initiation...

* * *

><p>Thanks for reading! Here's LizzieWillow's side:

> s11900784/2/Phenomenon**

****~EmeraldHeart12****

End
file.